EATON, O.

And when at the door of shop or store Her liveried carriage is seen, All suttles and smirth are the supple clerks, As if they bowed to a queen. And she plays Strauss and Wagner,
And trills it up to C;
And Fucknown her dance at gay Long Banch
Without fatigue till three.

And her faulties form, in a bathing dress, Louis somehow flat and spare: But she lives "south of Market Street," And her pa is a milliomaire.

My Katherine (Kitty for short)
In her check displays her line
Dr pure red blood, much better than blue,
Of noisean descent the sign. Her schooling is fair, and so is ber hair; Her bread won the County prine; And the springy way she takes a fence Would charm a citizen's eyes.

And when at the door of rich and poor Her white sunbounet is seen, The children shout, and friends rush out As if to bonor a queen.

The good-tramp lifts his hat at her smile, And his pack seems lighter then; The stray dog, skulking by, will turn And look in her face again.

Oh, green and sweet is the growing wheet, And pure is the breath of kine! Her isther is running a dairy farm On the banks of Brandywine.

The frogs were getting their fullest voice 'Neath the bine flags still in prime; For spring's surprise and summer's conten Together possessed the time.

s we strolled out in the sunset, I spoke right prodently; at we came back in the moonlight, And that was too much for me.

O Kitty," I cried, "I love you! Will you this life resign, And spend your days in grander ways, And leave the Brandywine!"

If I should take you at your word,

If I marry Angelius
An easy life I'll lead;
But Kitty would keep me up to my best,
And make me a man indeed.

I'll spend the rest of life,
If only she will be mine,
As a Defaware County dairyman
On the banks of the Braud wil

They hung, heavy plumes of purple, over the little gateway is that bright afternoon—the 1st of June. A charitable breeze swept one scented bunch of bloom a bit aside, just out of the reach of a little brown hand that had a moment ago ruthlessly stripped off half its blos-

turned about, with a toss of her black curls and a flirt of her pink calico dress that scared the butterflies, and before the branch swung back she was hastening up the trim garden path, and flinging back a sharp speech over her shoulder at a tall, sunburned young fellow who, with a vexed light in his eyes, stood in the gateway watching her.

"Oh, it don't matter what I think! Indeed, I don't thinks!

ed, I don't think at all. You may take whom you like to the next May-dance—you won't take me."

was no wonder that John Armitage took

The one addressed wavered a little in her retreat, then resumed it with in-

creased celerity.

"Will you stop and listen to me?" the young man queried, his rising indignation somewhat modifying his tone of ap-"No!" and the pink calico swept the myrtles on either side of the walk faster

"Very well," was the angry response, as he who had pleaded turned toward the gate. "But mark my words: you'll be sorry for this before these bushes here"—brushing the low spray sharply aside—"are out of bloom! Now good-

bye."

Nancy, peeping from behind a curtain after his retreating figure, cried. Perhaps the soliloquy will tell why.

"Well, it's over between us now, any his fault too. He'd no bus

"Well, it's over between us now, any way. It's his fault, too. He'd no bus-iness to take any one else to the May-dance when I couldn't go. I shouldn't wonder if he's going down to Sarah wonder if he's going down to Sarah Anderson's now. They'll be engaged next thing, and she'll crow over me finely. He'll try to make me jealous" here Nancy had a spasm of crying.
See if I won't make him jealous

creamy complexion, dark curls, and tinted cheeks, she started for the village. The dainty blue silk parasol was lowered a little as she came to a pretentious block of buildings opposite the hotel, upon one of which hung the sign, "Dr. Miles Gray. Office hours from 8 to 10

Caton

Democrat.

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blown against the doctor's broad-

cloth.

Dr. Gray was young, handsome, not deficient in brains, with pocket money enough to prevent him from being tragically earnest in his profession, and very much in love with the coquettish bit of womanhood by his side. As for Nancy, she was a little bit afraid of the gray eyes that could be quizzical as well as admiring, and of the smile that sometimes curied the corners of the black mustache. But Nancy was minus a lover just then and the doctor was a "catch,"

mustache. But Nancy was minus a lover just then and the doctor was a "catah," and so she laughed and chattered as the bay horse trotted along.

The farm-house came in sight too soon, and the doctor stopped midway in his speech to inquire,

"Won't you take a longer ride? It's such a beautiful afternoon!"

Nancy demurred, as in duty bound.

"I—don't know. I guess it must be 'most tea-time."

"I—don't know. I guess it must be 'most tea-time."

The doctor laughed, and held his watch before her. It was precisely four.

"Oh, well, then—" began Nancy, somewhat confused. "But aren't these your office hours!" commented the doctor to himself. Aloud he said, "I'm sometimes obliged to break through my

doctor to himself. Aloud he said, "I'm sometimes obliged to break through my hours. I'm going now so see a—a patient on the outskirts of the town." So they drove on.

The "patient" could hardly have been in a critical state. The doctor, leaning back in the carriage, let the reins lie loosely on the horse's back as they paced slowly through shady wood roads smelling of pines, while the warm breeze fluttered light curls across Nancy's arch black eyes, and the blue silk parasol had to be held up to keep the sun from her rose-bud of a face. The doctor had a lurking fear that Nancy was rustic and ignorant, but ah! she was so pretty! ignorant, but ah! she was so pretty!

How far they rode in this lazy way,

wholly rapt in conversation, is not known. How far they would have rid-den is uncertain, if Nancy had not sent s mischievous glance straight into the gray eyes, and inquired:
"Why, where does that patient of yours live?"

The doctor laughed frankly, coloring

at his side, "that I wish I had the right to keep you with me always. Miss

to keep you with me always. Miss Nancy, will you look at me—will you let me?"

It was well that the doctor did not guess why, amidst Nancy's bright blushes, her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. She had made up her mind to accept the doctor, but in this decisive moment the thought of John Armitage sent a pang, cruel in intensity, through her heart. Then came the ugh her heart. Then came the ory of their yesterday's quarrel, and

"I-I don't know."

She did know when, in the late twilight, she and the doctor walked together into the dusky sitting-room at home, where her father was dozing and her mother knitting, to aak their consent and their

"Dear me!" said the good farmer, rubbing his eyes. "Two sech pieces of news in one day's cur'us hereabouts. I heard on'y an hour sence that Johnnie Armitage is a-goin' to Texas to kinder farm on his own account. I sorter thought, too, 't he an' Nancy fancied each other, but here she's wantin' to marry another man. It's cur'us!"

Nancy had taken her, hand from the

Nancy had taken her hand from the doctor's arm and had sat down in the window. She heard, mistily, comments and congratulations; she answered ques-tions, laughed at jokes. She walked down to the gate with the doctor when he left, and stood there under the lilacs, talk; but when he was gone, leaving a farewell kiss on her lips, she rushed up stairs and threw herself on the bed in a perfect sgony of sobbing that she could hardly stifle in the pillow.

The story of the next week is hack-neyed. Such happenings are too com-mon. Nancy came and went like the ghost of herself, but the whole village was gossiping over her engagement, and her evidences of trouble were ascribed to the "queerness of a girl just en-gaged." Little tired Mrs. Armitage ran bver across lots one afternoon to tell the Evanses that John was going Monday, and she guessed he would manage to get over and bid them good-bye; and cried because her pet son was going away, and was cool and sharp to Nancy, evidently

specting that she was the cause. Perhaps light natures suffer most over-Perhaps light natures suffer most over-whelmingly. Often in those beautiful June days Nancy, all alene in some shadowy grassy place, with sunbeams shimmering above, would wonder in a dim, childish way if she should not "die when John went." Only one hope was left: John was coming to say goodbye. Oh, if she could only let him know how it really was! But how could she? and she would look down despairingly at the little gold circle on her

Sunday afternoon John finally came. Nancy, sitting in the parlor with the doctor, caught a glimpse of the well-known figure at the gate under the lilacs again. For a moment the room whirled around, and she was deathly white; then she rose mechanically, saying that she must bid Mr. Armitage good-bye, and went to the doorway, where John was greeting her parents, and warding off the Newfoundland with a laugh.

"Yes," he was replying as Nancy came up, "they say there's a pretty good chance out there for a young fellow with health and energy.—How do you do, Miss Nancy?—and I've always been

enterprising; so I mean to try it."

Nancy stood pulling the rose-vines in pieces while for half an hour the others talked crops, politics and prospects. She could not have spoken for her life, though she longed to speak as a con-

patient exclamation under her breath, Nancy went on to the post-office, where, getting no letter, she turned discontented and at last he rose to ask mercy. Not once did John turn his obstinate auburn head to look at or speak to her, and at last he rose to a sk mercy. Nancy went on to the post-office, where, getting no letter, she turned discontentedly home.

The Fates forbade her. She had not accomplished a quarter of the distance before the light roll of wheels made her turn her head and start perceptibly. In a moment later young Dr. Gray, whose natty top-buggy was the envy of all men, and whose fascinating smile had won the hearts of all the women, had drawn up his horse at her side, had leaped to the ground and had asked, eagerly:

"Miss Evans, may I have the pleasure of driving you home?"

The color brightened in Nancy's cheeks, the light in her eyes, as she assented with a charming smile; and in a moment more they were slowly bowling along the road, and the blue ribbons were blown against the doctor's broad-lett.

It was Nancy who proposed that they should go to church that evening. In the corner of the high old pew, with her veil hiding her face, she could at least be quiet, and one hour more of effort would have been insupportable. Mrs. Armitage was alone in her pew, and cried silently all through the service. was alone in her pew, and cried shenty all through the service. Nancy's heart so went out to the poor woman that, when they met in the aisle, she pressed her hand impulsively, saying, in a quick whisper, "Mrs. Armitage, I'm so sorry for you!"

"I don't want any of your sorrow! was the sharp response. "It's fine to talk; but you and I know well enough who's the cause of it all. One word from you would stop it now if you were

Poor Nancy! The clock was on the stroke of eleven that night when her lover finally took his leave, and she was free to pace the moon-lit sitting-room from end to end with set lips and wide glittering eyes. She did not cry. She felt as if she were going crazy, and in her desperation she did not care if she did. Hour after hour passed, and still she paced there, till her rigid face showed whitely in the first gray of morning. "Oh would he go? could he go? would nothing happen to stop him?" Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Nancy slipped through the door, and hatless, trailing her dainty blue skirt through the dewy grass, ran across lots to the

It was all still and dark and dewy. She heard the village clock strike three as she paused on the outskirts of the old fashioned flower garden behind the house, and shrunk behind a hedge of blossomy lilacs, whose potent odor sickened her. Her mind was in a whirl. She did not know why she was there, or what she should do. She was in deadly fear lest some one should discover her, yet she could not go away. For half an hour she crouched there shiveringly, never taking her eyes off John's window, but starting are the same than the should be should never taking her eyes off John's window, but starting every time the curtain blew. Suddenly a step on the garden path startled her so violently that she scarcely could suppress a scream. It was probably some of the work-people—oh, if they should see her! A hasty peep through the bushes showed her that it was worse than that; it was John binnels, striding extraints, toward the terror of discovery, crawled on her hands and knees under the lilacs. He had passed, he was almost by, when a bird that Nancy had disturbed flew out with loud chirpings. One end of the loosened blue sash had caught on a stiff bough, and the color arrested his eye.
Two strides brought him to the spot, and
he stood with folded arms looking down
at her a moment before his amazement

He had never seen such utter abando and agony of shame as that with which the poor little maiden hid her face and cowered in the wet grass, with the cry: "Oh, what shall I do? Don't speak to me! Go away!" and burst into a

storm of tears.

For answer he gathered the little wet figure in his arms, smoothed the tumbled curls, tried to warm the icy while he soothed her in his

"Take me home," said Nancy, as soon "Take me home," said Nancy, as soon as she found strength to speak at all.

"I shall do no such thing," was the decided answer, as John's disengaged hand lifted her face so that he could see it, "till you tell me why you came. Nancy, I couldn't help hoping a little when I saw you here. Don't make me give it up! I thought my pride would support me through any thing, but I'm afraid it won't," he ended, sadly.

"I'm so glad it won't," breathed Nancy, in tones of heart-felt relief. "But somebody'll see us. Take me home, John, and I'll tell you all about it."

How different seemed the way home with John at her side. But Nancy was in no hurry to "tell all about it." She only said, nervously, hand in both hers. "Promise me you won't go away!"

"Ah, but I want another promis

Nancy looked back at the hedge whose shelter they had left, and said, with a half smile, "You see the lilacs aren't out of bloom yet, John; and I am—sorry, as you said I'd be!"

"And the doctor?" asks the critical

reader. Ah, Nancy is no model of Christian maidenhood. She is only a christian maidennood. She is only a faulty young girl, erring and loving and suffering, playing her part in one of the tragedies that are played every where in the springs and autumns, in the time of now-drifts as well as in the time of

SAN FRANCISCO Poet: The other day a groceryman at Vallejo gave a large party, at which the daughter of the carriage painter who lived next door created a decided sensation. It was not that she was more handattired than the other present, but when she gyrated in the "dance of death" she was observed to display the only pair of silk stockings in the room. She left the house for a few moments at the expiration of the dance, of light blue dittos. An hour later her crushed and exasperated female friends beheld these supplemented by further hose of a delicate chocolate shade. And so it went on until her miserable rivals letermined to follow her the next time she disappeared. They traced her to her father's paint-shop in the back yard, where she was discovered, brush in hand, and about ornamenting her nether ex-tremities with a final artistic coat of light salmon. The exulting spies rushed back with the damaging news, but it was too late. The men were all too tight to understand, the music had gone home and the lights were being put out. Thus it is that fraud and duplicity triumph, while honest simplicity walks around with a darn on its calf and a hole in its Two Dogs at the Hartford Show.

[New Haven Register.] Two of the "cards" are Mr. C. L. Rodman's trick dog Teany and Ethan Allin's lemon and white setter Cossey. The for-mer is a handsome little black and tan mer is a handsome little black and tan who may be easily recognized in the show, as he is adorned with a London Bridge collar and blue neck-tie. The dog has an extensive repertoire of tricks which he performed during the afternoon and evening, much to the amusement of the spectators. The dog performs all his tricks by command from his master, no whin being used as in the case with some tricks by command from his master, no whip being used, as is the case with most trick dogs, and unlike those dogs, he has no routine, but performs such tricks as Mr. Rodman may indicate or the spectators request. Among his many tricks are standing on his hind legs, sitting down, creeping, rolling, sneezing, smoking a pipe, jumping in any direction he may be directed to jumping into the air from

pipe, jumping in any direction he may be directed to, jumping into the air from his hind legs, shutting the door and per-sonating a dead canine. The best tricks he performs are in addition, substrac-tion, multiplication, division and count-ing. When asked his age he responds with "bow-wow-wow"—three years. When asked what was his master's age the response is "bow-wow"—a pause, and the response is "bow-wow"—a pause, and "bow-wow-wow-wow," or twenty-five. Yesterday afternoon, when asked to divide 5 by 3, Mr. Rodman asked.

How many times are 3 contained in 5?"

Answer—" Bow." "And how many over?" "Bow-wow." And the dog had answered what was supposed to be a "sticker." The process is the same in arithmetical calculations. The dog finds plenty of room to stand on the base of a goblet, or on a back of a chair. He is certainly a curiosity and is remarkably well trained. "Cossey," Ethan Allin's native setter bitch, who is three years old, gave setter bitch, who is three years old, gave to many who had never seen a sporting dog work in the field a very interesting exhibition. A platform had been erected at the rear of the stage, and on that Mr. Allin threw a small chicken, on which the setter made a point instantly, and though his master called, whistled and moved the dog about, the point was held and the dog would not leave his stand until the chicken was taken away. The chicken placed on the dog's back was pointed in like manner, the dog remaining immovable as a statue. The exing immovable as a statue. The ex-hibition was a most creditable one, and dog, her pups, and others bred by Mr. Al-lin, is that the point is always shown by them naturally, the dogs working with-out training after they are a couple of months old and able to trot about.

[Tribune Letter.] Sunday, shortly after midnight, I was awakened by a strange noise, which was not quite a din, and yet which dominated all other sounds. This was the combined voice of hundreds of bass drums beaten with might and main in the streets of all Constantinople, in honor of the repulse of the Russian army from Plevna. The myriads of lamps hung on the minarets by reason of Ramazon had been allowed to burn out, but were now nevertheless.

"I see you understand the 'ways that are dark and tricks that are vain' pretty well, Miss Nanoy. And now I don't dare to tell you what I was going to say before you spoke."

"What was it" queried Nancy, curiment of the discovery, crawled on her hands and knees under the lilacs. He hands and knees under the lilacs. judgment on the proud!" and in fact the Turkish public was as near being greatly excited as possible. The night greatly excited as possible. The night was dark, and as I looked off from my hill upon the great city, partly hidden by a white mist which filled the harbor and covered the valleys, I could see none of the deeper shadows, but only the lights on the minarets, which seemed to float in mid-air above the sea of mist Between the minarets lamps were so hung that they formed words in Arabic. Just above the horizon, on the left, blazed tne words, "Bismillah irrahman ifrehim"—the invocation of the name of ifrehim"—the invocation of the name of the Merciful. Over the mosque of Noori Osmaniye was "Oh, Gracious One!" High over the dome of the mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent you could read in letters of tremulous light, "Mahomet, sent of God," and far around to the right was written on the sky, in letters of gold, "Allah Ekber," the old war-cry of the armies of the Prophet. The whole arch of heaven was transformed into the dome of a vast cathedral, to the minds dome of a vast cathedral, to the mind of the great surging crowd of Moslems which filled the streets; its base was in-scribed in letters of fire with the phrases dear to the hearts of the faithful. And one could not doubt that this cathedral agnificence thrilled the hearts of th joyous multitude below as they gazed upon the evidence of the glory of Islam

The Great Wall of China.

The great wall of China was measured in many places by Mr. Unthank, an American engineer, lately engaged on a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurement gave the height at eighteen feet, and a width on top of fifteen feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower twenty-five feet high. The foundation of the wall is solid granite. Mr. Unthank brought with him a brick from the wall, which is supposed to have been made two hundred years before the time of Christ. In building this immensations fame to be seen that tone fence to keep out the Tartars, the mountains or chasms to save expense For one thousand three hundred mile the wall goes over plain and moun-tain, and every foot of the founda-tion is in solid granite, and the rest of the structure solid masonry. In ome places the wall is built smooth up against the bank, or canons, or preci pices, where there is a sheer descent o thousand feet. Small streams are arched over, but in the larger streams the wall runs to the water's edge, and a tower is built on each side. On the top of the wall there are breastworks, or de-fenses, facing in and out, so the defending forces can pass from one tower to an-other without being exposed to an enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building or cost of this wall is beyond human skill. So far as the magnitude of the work is concerned, it surpasse everything in ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared

THE New York Times says that a teacher in the public schools of that city was recently giving her pupils oral in structions in grammar, propounding such questions and explaining such portions of the subject as she thought they would comprehend. "Now, Johnnie," said she, addressing a bright twelve-year old, "give me a sentence containing a noun, and pronoun relating to it." Johnnie looked up at the ceiling, then at the floor, and finally almost in despair glanced out of the window. Then his countenance changed, and, then point-ing to some fowls in the street that could be seen from the school room, exclaimed, "Them is hens, and they're all she's."

Nuggets of Knowledge.

Some of the features of our patent system, such as the issue of a periodical system, such as the issue of a periodical containing particulars of recent inventions, have been adopted by the German authorities. In opening the new imperial patent office, a circular has been issued explaining the plan upon which its business is conducted, and soliciting the plan of the countries where suggestions from other countries where systems for the issue of patents have

been tested.

The new organic acid found in certain polyporous fungi which grow on the dead trunks of oaks has a yellow color, and is so very insoluble in water that the slightest trace of it, on the addition of salt or soluble sulphuric acid, leaves the water turbid. The fact that turbidity way here are added to a second to the support of the salt of may be so produced has suggested to Prof. C. Stahlschmidt the expediency of employing the soluble polyporates as indicators in alkalimetry. It is gravely stated that the marks of

It is gravely stated that the marks of a cutting instrument, supposed to have been a stone ax, have been found on one of the fossil trees of the Calistoga "petrified forest." If authenticated, the discovery would imply the presence of man in California during a pre-glacial epoch. The fact that there are ammonitesamong the fossils of that locality, points to an antiquity that was not at points to an antiquity that was not at-tributed even to the famous skull of

Calaveras.
In several districts of China, especially In several districts of China, especially near the sea-coast, there have been extensive visitations of locusts. The destruction by the insects is said to have been very great, and the estimates of loss to growing crops are so large that a falling off of national revenue is apprehended. The measures taken to check the insect plague, are, in general, different from those adopted in this country, though something of the sort was once tried by a western state governor; they consist chiefly of prayer and religious observance.

Mr. Alexander Buchan, the Secretary of the Scottish Meteorogical Society, believes that as a deficient rain-fall may be expected to recur in cycles of eleven

expected to recur in cycles of eleven years in Madras—a discovery based upon the relation of sun-spots to rain-fall—the permanent remedy for famine is to deal with the rain-fall so as to husband and equalize the water supply, not merely of the individual year, but of the cycle. He adds that the old native system of He adds that the old native system of great embanked lakes or reservoirs unconsciously hit the true solution of the hydraulic engineering difficulty which the meteorology of India presents.

The general rules which were adopted by the juries of our International Exhibition have been prescribed with little

hibition have been prescribed with little change for the coming one at Paris. The system of uniform award has not, however, been copied; and probably it never will be, since it nullified the object of the gift by making no distinction in merit. The following statement will give a general notion of the French system: For agricultural and industrial products, collectively, there will be given 100 grand prizes, 1,000 gold medals, 4,000 silver, bronze, and 8,000 "honorable mentions." The sum devoted to defray the expense of awards is voted to defray the expense of awards i

Maryland, and Other Cookery.

The Chesapeake has conferred upon along the Judge's horse to help him. Baltimore the title of the "gastronomic capital" of the country. The fish, the game and the reptiles of its generous waters, and the traditions of the Maryland kitchen, have made Baltimore a Mecca toward which the eyes of all American bon events are turned with a separate that describes that describes any terms of the paper he reported the speeches of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, died lately in a Brooklyn hospital, aged seventy years. veneration that dyspepsia cannot im-pair. Places have their dishes and exult in them. New England points with pride to an unsullied record of pumpkinpride to an unsullied record of pumpkin-pies. New Orleans has its pompano, and boasts it much as Greenwich does its white-bait. In San Francisco you win the confidence of the Californian by praising his little coppery oysters and saying that they remind you of "Os-tend penn orths" or Dublin's Burton-Bindins, and that after all the true taste of the "natives" is only acquired in wa-ters where there is an excess of copper in suspension. At Noriolk the sacred dish that is offered upon the altar of hospitality is the hog-fish. The modest New Yorker, in the acerbity of the lenten season, asks his foreign friend if he ever saw anything like "our shad." In Albany you partake of "beef" sliced from a Hudson river sturgeon a fish of which cutlets from the ders are served in San Francisco to excellent purpose as filets de sole. Chicago has been heard to speak of white-fish In Calcutta one inwardly consumes with curry. Bird's-nest soup, made from the gelatinous and insipid secretion of the sea-swallow, is the dish of honorat Shanghai. But Baltimore rests not its repu tation upon the precarious tenure of a single dish; it sits in complacent con-templation of the unrivaled variety of parison. While the Chesapeake con-tinues to give its terrapins, its cauvas-backs, its oysters and its fish, this may be done with safety; and among the pleasantest recollections that a stranger may have shall be those of a Maryland kitchen in the "season." Visitors from the mother-country seldom overlook it and they have recorded their sentiments every since the old colonial days. In these days of rapid transit it were strange if our trans-Atlantic cousins did not know more about it; and Liverpeol receives many a crate of canvas-backs, many a barrel of choice oysters, and many a can of terrapin, cunningly packed in Baltimore. There have recently been dinners given in London

and Paris at which every article of food upon the table came from America. of the chest and body in early not exclusively restricted to the female sex. Schoolboys and youths constantly practice the habit of binding up their clothes around their bodies by means of a belt tightened firmly above the hips, instead of wearing the braces over the shoulder. Some boys and youths are also taught the plan of putting on an extra belt for "holding in the breath" before they run or leap. In the pursuit of certain active businesses, in which weights have to be carried, this same system of wearing a tight belt is adopted and practiced by workingmen, until the artificial and ingenious support, as it is assumed to be, becomes, like the corset of a woman, a veritable necessity. To the belt the same objection applies as to the tight band and corset. It impedes the free action of the abdominal organs it impedes the freedom of the respiration; it interferes with the circulation; in the young athletes who wear it while they are running, rowing, climbing or wrestling it tends to bring on herniarupture.

THE talking woman is the Gibraltar of the household.—Whitehall Times. Why not the Babble on?—St. Louis

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

THE first book read, and the last book laid aside by every child, is the conduct of its parents.

LOUISIANA has either the largest snake or the biggest liar in America. Odds is the difference.

teenth of seventeen children of his parents. He was born June 13, 1808. HE who would acquire fame mu-t not show himself afraid of consure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.

Massachusetts, is the oldest ex-member of Congress. His age is ninety-five, and

A GRAND exhibition of butter, cheese and eggs is to be held in Chicago, De-cember 18 and 20, and the dairymer of the world are expected to compete. THE name of the potato bug, in Germany, Pffischtendiriwechtenlawbedenachtoschooptenschafflichtheit. This is what makes it so hard to kill them.

A SAILOR, who jumped overboard to save another; was asked if he was fit to die. "I could not be more fit," he re-plied, "by declining to do my duty." Don't moralize to a man who is on his back. Help him up, set him firmly on his feet, and then give him advice and means. The means, by all means.

PHOTOGRAPHER-" Now, sir, if you'll look a little less as though you had a bill to meet, a little more as though you'd been left a legacy, you'll get a picture." Seek not to know to-morrow's doom.
That is not ours which is to come,
The present moment's all our store;
The next, should beaven allow
Then this will be no more;
So all our life is but one instant now.

THE passing years drink a portion of the light from our eyes, and leave their traces on our cheeks, as birds that drink

the margin. THERE is a scarcity of roots in the West this year, and the Digger Indians believe that some of them may be driven to eat rabbits and quails before the IT was a Boston man who went home

A FRUIT stand in Providence, Rhode Island, has the following sign in a prom-inent place: "Notice—Please do not thumb this fruit. Should anybody have a special weakness for such pastime he will find a small quantity inside for that BLONDIN has returned to England and

is exhibiting on a rope seventy feet from the ground, standing on his head, lying on his back, feinting to fall, sitting on the back of a chair balanced on two legs on the rope, and riding a velocipede along it backward and forward. B. F. Estes, of Alton, shot a queen bird a few days since. It is described as having a large, chunked head, which resembles that of a cat, and legs like a rabbit, and feet armed with long, sharp circular claws over one and a half in-

ches in length. It weighed four pounds A MINISTER of West Anstruther appealed to Sir Robert Anstruther, who was an extensive landowner in that parish, to assist in placing a stove in the church, which he said the congregation found very cold. "Claud, sir, cauld?" Sir Robert exclaimed, "then warm them with your doctrine, sir. John Knox never asked for a stove in his kirk.'

"This it is to be rich enough not depend on one's self to do do the work!" exclaimed a Chicago lady, the other day, as she came in from a morning's shop-ping at twelve m., to find the breakfast crockery not washed, and her sixteen year old help in her bed-room with a the pictures of two nice young men hanging on the walls—one of whom had just got out of the Reform School, and he other not quite old enough to send THERE were 10,773 births, 5,553 of them

males, in Boston last year, or 247 less than in 1875, and 944 less than in 1874 a diminution of over 8 per cent in two years. With 421 still-births, the ratio years. With 421 still-births, the ratio of births to population was one in 31.18. Only 3,695 were native born, and as usual the Irish fathers were ahead, being 36.66 per cent. of the whole number. There was one marriage in 58.91 persons, the average 8.17 weddings a day, and the whole number 2,981 or 435 less than in There was one marriage in 58.91 persons, the average 8.17 weddings a day, and the whole number 2,981, or 435 less than in native born grooms diminished 1.17 per cent. and the native born brides 1.96 per cent., while the Irish grooms increased 1.79 per cent. and the Irish brides 2.03 per cent. There was also a large de-crease in the number of marriages of ninors, and only three cases in both parties were under age. In 260 cases the brides were older than the grooms, while two minors married women between thirty and forty years old. Sev-enteen negroes married white women. No MOCKERY in this world sounds to

me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. Happiness is not

CHIEF JOSEPH is six feet high and thirty-five years old.

ABOUT the most uncomfortable seat a man can have, in the long run, is self-conceit.

THE first book read, and the last book laid aside by every child, is the conduct of its parents.

LOUISIANA has either the largest snake or the biggest liar in America. Odds is the difference.

A MAN can sleep in church now without that everylasting fly disarranging his Sunday frame of mind.

MAESHAL MacMahon was the sixteenth of seventeen children of his parents. He was born June 13, 1808.

Indians After an Honest Mau.

Indians may be treacherous, but they can be just, and they can be just, and they can be honest; and who shall say how far the dishonesty of others has led to their treachery?

They know when they are cheated, as the Government has found to its cost. An old trader, who established himself at what happened to be a favorite locality among the northern Indians, tells a good story of his first trials with his red customers. Other traders had settled in that same place before, but had not remained long. The Indians way be treacherous, but they can be honest; and who shall say how far the dishonesty of others has led to their treachery?

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of his tribe, visited him.

"How do, John?" said the chief.

"Show me goods. Aha! I take that blanket for me and that calico for

squaw—three otter skins for blanket and one for calico. Ugh! pay you him to-morrow."

He received the goods and left. On

the next day he returned with a large part of his band, his blanket well stuffed with skins of various kinds. "Now, John, I pay."
And with this he drew out an otter skin from his blanket and laid it on the counter. Then he drew out a second, a

he is a Hale old man.

An English woman, to whom a tract was handed by a street missionary the other day, sweetly replied: "Thank you, but I am already saved."

Counter. Then he drew day a second, a third and a fourth. A moment's hesitation, as though calculating, and then he drew forth a fifth skin—a very rich and rare one, and passed it over.

"That's right, John."

The trader instantly pushed back the

"You owe me but four. I want only my just dues."
The chief refused to take it, and they passed it several times back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other

Bernardino Semi-Tropic, is given as we had it from one who is conversant with

had it from one who is conversant with
the details. It smacks much of romance,
but is strictly true and can be relied on:
Last week-J. W. Wilson, better known
as Quartz Wilson, was prospecting on the
head waters of the White Water, some
sixty miles from here, for grass for stock
feed, he discovered a narrow valley,
through which ran a small stream. This
valley was only practicable of entrance
valley was only practicable of entrance early in the morning, and, meeting the sad, reproachful eyes of his wife, apologized, "My darling, I think you'll be sorry for this when you get sober."

A NERRAKA Judge decided to gye a horse-thief one more chance to reform. As the fellow left the neighborhood to begin a new and better life, he took when he was rudely called back to things of the present by a start and a snort from his "burro," or donkey. Looking back, he discovered, to his horror, that some person had set the grass on fire, and that the flames were pursuing him with fearthe flames were pursuing him with fear-ful rapidity. Hastily spurring to the stream, he dismounted, stripped the sad-dle from the donkey and turned it loose. As for himself he sprang into the creek, searched out the deep st place he could find in the few seconds that clapsed before the fire was upon him, and lay down. Unfortunately the water was but a few inches in depth, not nearly enough to cover him, but it was the only chance, and so he lay, hoping to escape but fearing the worst. In much less time than it takes to narrate this the fire was upon him. First large flakes fell thick and fast around him, compelling a lively rolling in the water to keep both sides wet. But when the fire

was roaring and raging above and around him came the fearful ordes!. From side to nim came the fearful ordes!. From side to side he turned striving to allay the ter-rible sufferings inflicted by the intense heat, but with only partial success. The fire scorched off all his hair and beard and reduced one ear to a cinder. Burns and reduced one ear to a cinder. Burns and blisters all over his body attested the tremendous heat to which he was subjected, but finally what seemed ages of torment but was really only a few brief moments, the fire died away from lack of material to feed upon. Our scorched, burned and tortured prospector. emerged from the stream. The first object upon which his eyes rested was the body of his donkey; further on the body of his donkey; further on the bodies of three deer, also burned to a crisp. As he struggled on other charred remains met his eyes. Now a new danger overtook him. His eyes received such a scorching that they were rapidly swelling shut. He struggled on and finally reached the ranch of Mr. Maxwell with the head of the Seate Apparent well, at the head of the Santa Anna, more by instinct than by sight, where he now lies. He is recovering from his injuries, but it will be long before he is restored to his usual health, or before he will be able to be about his work, and much longer before he will forget that day of peril from the fire-fiend while in the fastnesses of grand old Grayback.

Dr. F. F. Maury of Philadelphia ha there were over one hundred of such cases in Reading. The disease is of such a character as will spread, and is liable to be communicated to every person who has occasion even to use the same vessel to drink from. Nearly all the patients were tattooed on their arms. The poisoned saliva mixed with the ink entered and poisoned the blood and affected the entire system. From the tattooed spot the poison extended up to the arm its, thence to the back of the neck, thence to the mouth, eyes, ears and scalp, and finally to the body and genital organ. Dr. Maury examined a girl about fifteen years of age, daughter of a saloon keeper. She was persuaded by the tramp a potato to be planted in a mole and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us from heaven. She is a divine dew, which the company with Dr. Kuhn, physician at heaven. She is a divine dew, which the soul feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of Paradise.

VIRGINIA Enteprise: A man from Honey Lake saw a railroad for the first time in his life, the other day, at Reno. In speaking of the wonder to a friend he said: "The forward thing give a couple of coughs, and then the whole string of them got up and started right off."

lected throughout her entire system. In company with Dr. Kuhn, physician at the prison, Drs. Maury and Marshal visited the jail and found two serious cases. At another place a man was found with his eyes in a terrible condition; another had lost his hair; another's mouth was in such a fearful condition as to entirely preclude the possibility of eating; other patients had great lumps back of their necks, and swollen glands, together with blotches on their arms and faces.

Henderson Press: A couple was married in Georgia by a justice of the peace. Unto the man he said: "Sir, will you have the beloved woman you hold by the right hand, in the name of Georgia, cobb County, and the new Constitution, whether it be adopted or not, to be your lawful husband great lumps back of their necks, and swollen glands, together with blotches on their arms and faces.

Terrible Effects of Tattooing.

The Enton Democrat.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Space. |1 w. |2 w. |1 m. |3 m. |6 m. |9 m. |12 m.

Business cards of five lines or lem, \$3 per annum. Local notices 10 cents per line each insertion. Simple announcements of marriages and deaths, and church and benevolent society notices inserted free. Any additions to obligary notices will be charged five cents per line.

Favors must be handed in as early as Tneeday morning to insure insertion the same week.

Communications upon subjects of general or local interest are solicited.

WM. CULLEN LONGFELLOW. No line or pearls her beaming smile discloses No delicate perfumes around her hover; And yet I love her.

he rivals not the sun in dazzling brightness; he steps not like the fawn with fairy lightnesser esemble not the stars above her; and yet I love her!

For she is truly sensible and good; And all the charms that make true wos Unite in her and she loves me moreov And so I love her!

Besides that, she's my muyver

EVERY-DAY SPICERIES.

EASTON Free Press: It is no particular redit for a man to die game. A rabbit an do the same thing.

Worcester Press: A new bracelet has a tiny music-box concealed in the clasp. The beauty of the thing is that a fellow must have it pretty close to his

YONKERS Gazette: A London tailor has this sign in his window; "No American orders taken without a deposit."
Above a bar in Chicago may be read:
"No trust for alleged English noble-

A DETROIT lady kept her little daughter at home from school the other day on account of a storm, and the energetic female teacher sent another little girl, a pupil, without an umbrella, through the driving rain-storm to ascertain the cause of the absence.

the other

At length the dusky trader appeared to be satisfied. He gave the trader a scrutinizing look, and put the skin back into the blanket; then stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried out to his followers:

That shows excellent indgment both in authority that one of Anna Dickinson's offers of marriage which she didn't accept was made by General B. F. Butier. That shows excellent judgment both in General Butler and Miss Dickinson.

cept was made by General B. F. Butier. That shows excellent judgment both in General Butler and Miss Dickinson.

OLD Walton said: "A woman's kiss is like a fish-hook." Probably an allusion to the "bated breath."—Graphic. Wrong again, Graphic! The old fellow meant that when you get it in your mount, it seems as if it ought to stay there.—Phil. Bulletin.

The Terrors of "Fire in the Bush."

The following narrative, says the San Bernardino Semi-Tropic, is given as we had it from one who is conversant with

Dr. Dobbs is a female physician in

THE Russians are evidently suffering severely from sickness in the Dobrudscha.
-Phil. Press. We've had pains in our head, pains in our stomach, and peverywhere else, save in our Dobrud Thank heaven we're all right there yet. When a man's Dobrudscha gives out, he'd better measure his length on the ground and send for an undertaker.

He's gone, sure.-Newark Courier. Boston Journal: An exquisite leading Boston Journal: An exquisite leading a dog by a string, lounged up to the ticket office window of a railway station, and inquired: "Must I—aw—take a a ticket for a puppy?" He was naturally both surprised and annoyed when the ticket seller answered, in a slightly bewildered tone, and after a moment's reflection: "No, you can travel as an ordinary passenger."

YONKERS' Gazette: A boy came along one of our neighbor's houses holding to one of our neighbor's houses holding a very dirty dog, and asked the gentle-man of the house: "Don't you want to buy a dog, mister?" "What kind of a dog is it?" asked the gentleman. The boy looked puzzled. "Well," said he, "it is part terrier." "And what is the rest?" asked the gentleman. "The rest," answered the boy, "why, the rest is-is just dog."

DANBURY News: The tomato is what DANBURY News: The tomato is what may be called a self-made vegetable, and in this particular deserves, perhaps, a higher degree of respect than can be accorded to any plant. It came to this country in the humblest circumstances, being brought here as food for swine, but through pure merit it has risen from an obscure origin to the front rank in the vegetable kingdom. It merely shows us what true worth will accomplish in the most adverse circumstances.

POWE (N. V.) Sentinel: The Fifth

ROME (N. Y.) Sentinel: The Fifth ROME (N. Y.) Sentinet: The Fifth Ward gentleman who left church so suddenly last Sunday was not sick, as his friends feared at the time. That forenoon, just before service, he visited his barn to see that his horse had been properly cared for, and finding a new laid egg he put it in his coat tail pocket. The recollection that the egg was still in his pocket prompted him to steal away from the congregation to make investigations, and we regret to say that his worst fears were realized.

A TEXAS IDYL. Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note, As his corpse to the outskirts they hurried; Not a ranger discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where the stranger was buried They buried him darkiy, at dead of night,
And without any pomp or pageant;
As they shoveled him in, 'hey said, 'All right,
He was only a lightning-rod agent."

N. F. Weelly.

"Were you not mistaken when you in-formed the public, through your paper, that 'Abraham was the first auctioneer when he put Isaac up for a sacrifice?" If I remember right some two thousand years previous to that occurrence Cain assumed the role of auctioneer when he knocked down Abel."—Boston Bulletin. The Herald has positive information that Eve was the first auctioneer when she put up Adam and sold him with an apple.—N. Y. Herald.

HENDERSON Press: A couple was mar-